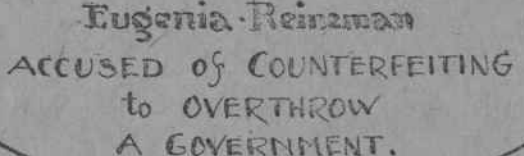


By Julian Hawthorne.



note if she saw one. She and her friends were victims of persecution, the object being to reach others through them; and she also saw in it the base revenge of the titled hound who had paid her in ineffectual addresses. She had forgotten the name of the miscreant, but it was significant that one Abel Quiroz, cousin of the Costa Rican Minister of War, was the author of the charges; why might not he be her rejected admirer? Why, indeed, might not her fatal beauty, like that of Helen of Troy, be the original spark which set the whole business afire? These latter suggestions did not emanate from her, but no right-minded person can fail to recognize their appositeness.

Pending the trial, Frederico Mora is bemoaning himself because she was so thoughtless as to permit his friends, whose entire innocence and ignorance of his proceedings he vehemently maintains, to visit his native country. Whatever else comes of it, the conspiracy seems to have had a temporary setback, and the villain Iglesias momentarily triumphs.

But justice shall be done, though Costa Rica fail, and the truth of this month we ought to know what justice will do.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.